

ROLLING STONE

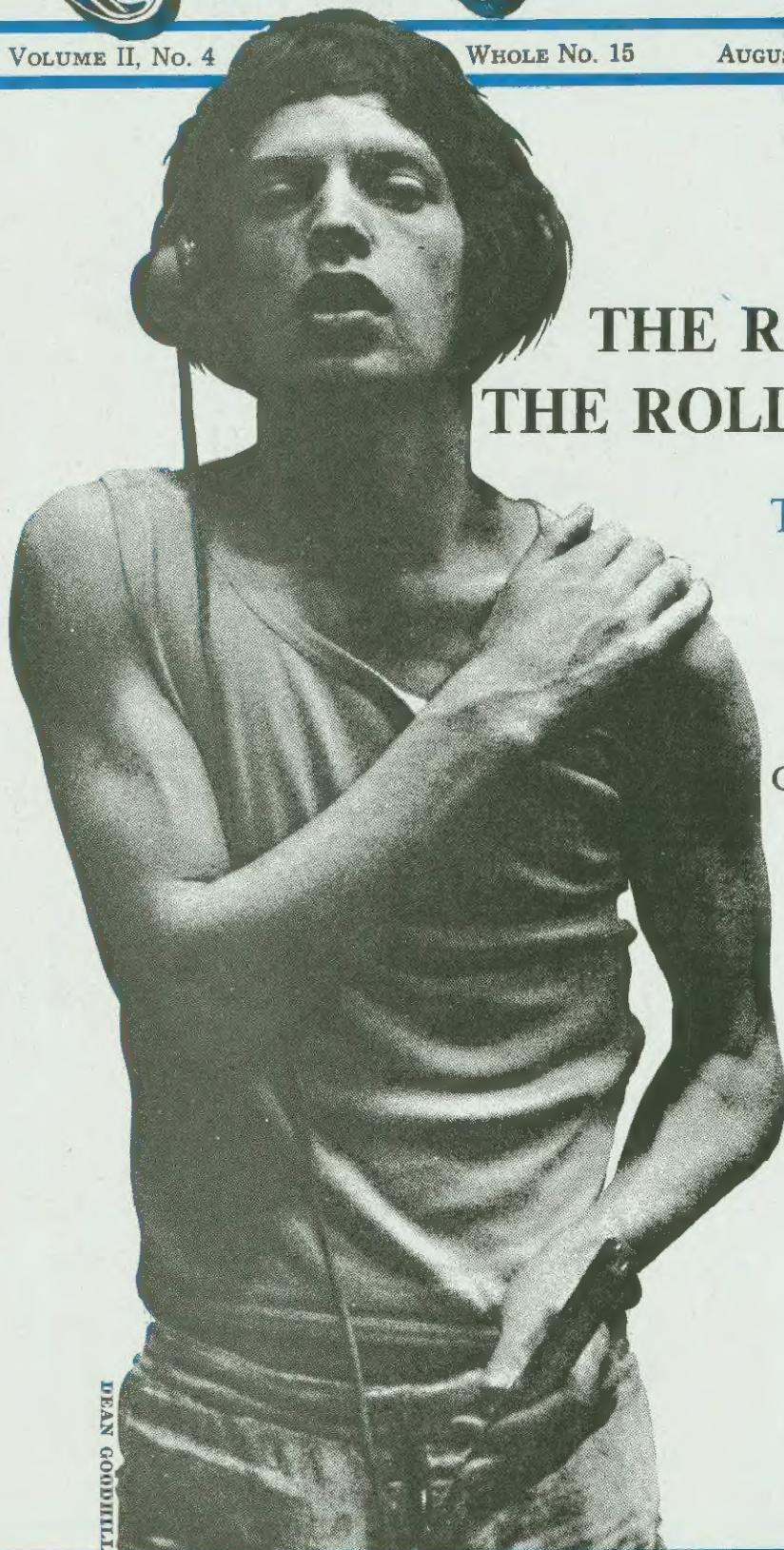
ACME

VOLUME II, No. 4

WHOLE No. 15

AUGUST 10, 1968

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS



THE RETURN OF THE ROLLING STONES

The Stones Make the
Great Comeback of
Their Career

A SPECIAL PREVIEW
OF THEIR NEW ALBUM

**CREAM
BREAKS
UP**

DEAN GODDILL

ROLLING STONE

AUGUST 10, 1968
VOLUME II, No. 4
(WHOLE No. 15)
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DEAN GOODHILL

ROLLING STONES COMEBACK: BEGGARS' BANQUET

BY JANN WENNER

LOS ANGELES

The Rolling Stones have returned, and they are bringing back rock and roll with them. They have finished their next album—titled *Beggars' Banquet*—and it is the best record they have yet done. In all aspects it is a great album; great Rolling Stones' material and performance; a great rock and roll album, without pretense, an achievement of significance in both lyrics and music.

Beggars' Banquet marks the comeback of the Stones from the disastrous *Their Satanic Majesties Request*, a recording episode as unfortunate as any for any group in the world. Their new album will mark a point in the short history of rock and roll: the formal end of all the pretentious, non-musical, boring, insignificant, self-conscious and worthless stuff that has been tolerated during the past year in

the absence of any standards set by the several great figures in rock and roll.

Beggars' Banquet should be the mark of this change, for it was *Their Satanic Majesties Request* which was the prototype of junk masquerading as meaningful. In *Satanic Majesties*, the Stones fell hook, line and sinker into the post-Sgt. Pepper trap of trying to put out a "progressive," "significant" and "different" album, as revolutionary as the Beatles. But it couldn't be done, because only the Beatles can put out an album by the Beatles.

And only the Rolling Stones could put out *Beggars' Banquet*. The music is characterized by its assertion of rock and roll: strong, dynamic lines from the bass and the drums. With these come an overlay of Keith Richards on acoustic guitar; Brian Jones on steel guitar and piano, much of it directly from the country and western tradition in rock and

roll. In feeling—and in some of the lyrics and phrasing—it is also reminiscent of Bob Dylan's *Highway 61*.

There's a tramp sitting on my doorstep,

*Trying to waste his time;
With his mentholated sandwich,*

*He's a walking clothesline.
Here comes the Bishop's daughter,*

*On the other side;
She looks a trifle jealous,
She's been an outcast all her life.*

Both Mick Jagger's singing and his writing are his best yet. The lyrics above, from a track titled "Jigsaw Puzzle," show the strong Dylan influence.

The gangster looks so frightening,

*With his luger in his hand;
But when he gets home to his children,*

*He's a family man.
But when it comes to the nitty gritty,*

*He can shove in his knife;
Yes he really looks quite religious,*

He's been an outlaw all his life.

"Jigsaw Puzzle" features Brian Jones on slide guitar, and the piano playing of Nicky Hopkins, a young Englishman who has played on several of the Stones' records before, but really excels in the new album. On this song, he plays in the chorded Dylan style. The song begins with these instruments in a slow ballad style, and then goes into an extended instrumental break, with powerful bass punches—a whole rock and roll scene.

*Oh the singer he looks angry,
At being brought to the line;
And the bass player he looks nervous,*

*About the girls outside;
And the drummer, he's so shattered,*

*Trying to keep the time;
—Continued on Page 11*

Hi, thought I'd drop you a line
 from the beautiful people Coast
 where I'm filming the family shine
 (the most)
 stopping behind the Pendleton barracks
 to get high
 (thought American pigs you die !)

I left my mind in San Francisco
 I left my life in L.A.
 thought I'd drop you a line
 a Chevrolet from che
 to say

the N.E.F. is nibbling
 they're not afraid they're not alone
 (you are afraid you are alone)

Can it be the Way of Liberation
 has finally come home? Farewells & Funtunes, Folks
 P. O. Ds



Tape from California
 Phil Ochs



TAPE FROM CALIFORNIA/A NEW ALBUM BY PHIL OCHS/A&M SP 4148



BARON WOLMAN

EDITOR: JANN WENNER

CONSULTING EDITOR:
RALPH J. GLEASON

ART DIRECTOR: JOHN WILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPHY: BARON WOLMAN

PRODUCTION: ROBERT KINGSEURY

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:

JEANNE GAYLOTT
CHARLES PERRY
LINDA SCHINDELHEIM
JANE SCHINDELHEIMNEW YORK: SUE C. CLARK
RAY CAVIANO

BOSTON: JON LANDAU

LOS ANGELES: JERRY HOPKINS

LONDON: JONATHAN COTT

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CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

I am sorry Steve Katz found your coverage of my leaving the band vehement. I called Jann Wenner personally to see that the true story was printed, but I guess we all see it a different way.

There is no motive for my standing in the way of Blood, Sweat and Tears and if that article in any way hurt them I retract whatever they found objectionable. They're on their own now and I am as curious as everyone else to see what they create on their own. This letter is not a cop-out as much as it is my way of letting people know how I feel. However, I am thankful that there is a place for Steve's letter and this one.

AL KOOPER
COLUMBIA RECORDS

SIRS:

When I read these "interpretations" of Dylan you have been printing since *John Wesley Harding*, I am sad to think (as the man himself said) "it gets printed where innocent people have to read it."

All these people who have the gall to second-guess Dylan are a drag. They are missing the point. They should each close their ego-mouths and open their unhearing ears. And you, ROLLING STONE, shouldn't publish their ego-trip.

SALLY MIKLOSE
MENDOCINO, CALIF.

SIRS:

Is Tiny Tim a success? Is Rowan and Martin your gauge for success? What exactly do you mean by "success"? Fuck all of you.

STAN MIKLOSE
MENDOCINO, CALIF.

SIRS:

I submit two quotes from Barry Gifford: From his review of *A Long*

Time Contr': "Groovin' Is Easy" (by Nick Gravenites) starts out sounding like the Left Banke backed by Little Anthony and the Imperials. But then Bloomfield does some Beatles-to-bagpipes phrasing that splits up the pace admirably. It ends with a repeating soul chorus shuffling off to Berry Gordyland." (Rolling Stone, May 11, 1968). . . . From a review of "Quicksilver Messenger Service" he says, "Gravenites' composition 'It's Been Too Long' is done in typical Flag style. The vocal is as close a duplication of Gravenites' singing as it could possibly be. It's a great piece, though, from its raw, Albert King intro, to a campy 'whoa whoa whoa' Dion imitation and old 50's R & R fade out." (Rolling Stone, July, 1968.)

I am not writing as an offended Flag or Quicksilver fancier, for Mr. Gifford treats them no worse than others, and I think he is praising them in his own fashion. Rather I am writing as a reader who has suffered through innumerable poorly-written record reviews in a number of papers and magazines. If the standard of reviews isn't raised, the public will have no use for reviews which obviously tell them nothing about the quality of a record. This nosing out of influences gives the reader the impression that these albums are mere ragbags of styles, despite Mr. Gifford's occasional words of praise. A group should be considered by its individualized manipulation of the centuries of music that came before it, and by its innovations, but it is asking a great deal of any group (including the Beatles) to formulate a sound free from all influences.

One last word about Quicksilver's "The Fool": Mr. Gifford dislikes its series of "impotent semi-buildups," and yet this technique was used by the most eminent composers, who often restated a symphonic theme a number of times. I would recommend a listen to one of Beethoven's

symphonies, where one may discover quite a few false climaxes. It is likely that the Quicksilver do have classical knowledge, considering bassist David Freiberg's accomplished viola playing. "The Fool" is about as "impotent" as Beethoven's 9th (or 5th)—and as masterfully constructed. If and when the Quicksilver or the presently-leaderless Flag release second albums, it is to be hoped that they will receive a review, rather than a jumble of amateur detective work.

CAROL MILLER
OAKLAND, CALIF.

SIRS:

It seems incredible to me that, re the Mike Bloomfield brouhaha, not one letter in defense of Mr. Ralph J. Gleason was written, so here's mine.

In my opinion (and I am sure I am not alone), Mr. Gleason is to be congratulated for his forthright opinions and I am grateful to know that there are still critics who have enough integrity to speak their minds. In fact, after reading "Stop This Shuck, Mike Bloomfield," my only comment was "Amen."

Why you felt the need to run a rebuttal to that column is something obviously only you can know. However, how objective an article could a Bloomfield sideman be expected to write? At any rate, it seems to me that a bi-monthly containing twenty-four pages, less front and back covers and advertising, cannot afford to devote so much space to a guitarist (albeit talented) who will hardly go down in the annals of music literature as an important innovator. Just what axe are you trying to grind?

In all other respects, Sirs, I think you are doing a magnificent job and filling a great void, so keep up the excellent work!

JANICE L. MAHLBERG
NEW YORK CITY

Fillmore Scene Moves to New Carousel Hall

SAN FRANCISCO

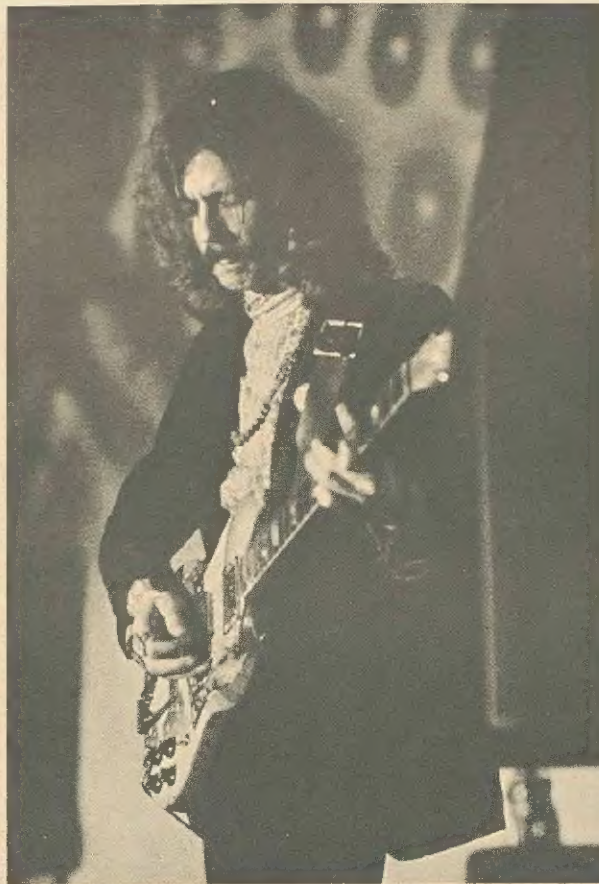
The Fillmore Auditorium, of supergroup, lightshow and dance poster fame, ended its two-and-a-half-year career as a fulltime rock hall on July 5. Bill Graham, the Fillmore's manager, is moving his scene to the old Carousel Ballroom, which recently became a well-known rock dancehall in its own right under the goodhearted but insufficiently professional ownership of Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead and some cronies. The Carousel will henceforth be known as the Fillmore West, to complement Graham's recently opened New York operation, the Fillmore East.

There were several reasons for Graham's move. The old 1500-capacity Fillmore was always overcrowded, for one. Graham usually booked big acts on prime nights not at the Fillmore, but at nearby Winterland, which has a capacity of 4200, though its dance floor is small. For another, the Fillmore is located in the Fillmore District, a Black ghetto, and the sporadic instances of harassment of patrons had become more frequent since the assassination of Martin Luther King, according to Graham. And finally, the Carousel is a more desirable hall, larger and more attractive and more accessible by public transportation.

The Carousel had been operated for several months by Headstone Productions, a corporation initially financed by a series of dances given by the Dead and the Airplane starting on St. Valentine's Day this year. The operation of the Carousel was marked by careless mismanagement in many details, although it was generally agreed that the feeling of the dances was good. On several occasions Headstone booked unwisely, paying high fees for low draws, and it was saddled with what Ralph Gleason has called "the stupidest lease in show business." The Free City Convention, a freakout with nude dancing, public grass-smoking and a "dirty" word ("cunt") on the marquee, started bringing an undesirable amount of police attention to the hall, and when Headstone fell several



Carousel's last bill



Eric Clapton Announces Cream Split

LONDON

The Cream is breaking up after months of rumors that its days were numbered. Eric Clapton announced to the British musical press the second week in July that the Cream had "lost direction" and its members, Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker, would go separate ways in autumn.

The breakup was announced exactly two years after the group was formed when Clapton left John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, Bruce left Manfred Mann and Baker the Graham Bond organization. The group was moderately popular at home, but never like it was in the United States. In America, they were stars, and the stars are sometimes in unfavorable aspects.

Clapton spoke of "a change of attitudes among ourselves" as one reason for the breakup, and also the strain of continual touring. "I've been on the road seven years and I'm going on a big holiday," he said.

"Also, I just want to perform contemporary blues. With the Cream, solos were the thing, but I'm really off that virtuosic kick. It was all over-exposed." Clapton says Jack Bruce will probably go into recording and Ginger Baker will form a group. His own plans are for a group where he can control the music, but not as the lead musician.

Speaking of his own problem of musical direction, Clapton said: "I went off to a lot of different things since the Cream formed. I went off in a lot of different directions all at once it seems, but I find I have floated back to the straight blues playing. I've returned to what I like doing as an individual, and that is playing exploratory blues."

"You get really hung up and try to write pop songs or create a pop image. I went through that stage and it was a shame because I was not being true to myself. I am and always will be a blues guitarist."

But the return to blues does not mean that he is abandoning exploration. Far from it. One of his complaints about working with the Cream was that the long tours made it impossible to rehearse and get into new things. Most recently he has been turned on to the music of Bob Dylan's underground tape and his friends The Band.

"There is some really great music coming out of America. I think we are due for a whole new spate of 'Sgt. Pepper's.' Everybody I have played The Band's tape to has flipped. Since I heard all this stuff, all my values have changed. I think it has probably influenced me."

"I think the Cream reached its peak last year at San Francisco. From that we all went on such a huge ego trip. Making it in the States was a bang in the head," he added. But U.S. fans will have a last chance to see the Cream during the fifteen performances of its farewell tour.

Nice Not Nice To America

LONDON

Nice, an English pop group, made quite a splash in London a few weeks ago with a rousing patriotic benefit concert at Royal Albert Hall. The upshot of the affair is that they have been forever banned from appearing at that place again, and have had to make a variety of formal apologies.

What happened is that the Nice have a song titled "First Amendment," which is a 7½ minute instrumental, roughly based on Leonard Bernstein's "Only in America" from West Side Story. They have been advertising this song in the British trades with a picture of the group holding dolls with the faces of Jack Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy. At their Albert Hall performance of the song, after stabbing it with knives and stomping on it, they burned an American flag.

The group is due to arrive in the States for a tour in August. In view of current legislation on the burning of flags, the Nice may end up doing the follow-up to Johnny's Cash Live at Folsom Prison album.

Eight-Tracks

In our news item on the San Francisco recording studio scene (Rolling Stone, July 6), it was wrongly stated that eight-track recording is unknown in the Bay Area. In fact, the following studios do have eight-track capacity: Columbus Recording (division of Trident Productions), Sierra Sound, Golden State, Pacific High Coast and Action.

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LIMELIGHT

Majorca Pop Festival Canceled

Musica '68, the six-day pop and jazz festival to have been held in Palma, Majorca, has been canceled. The rumors that had been circulating for some days about the festival's future were confirmed on June 25 by the organizers, Music Festival Promotions Ltd., who announced that the plans had been abandoned because of insufficient capital.

"For several weeks," a spokesman said, "we have been attempting to raise additional capital,

but with only partial success. It was decided to cancel, rather than attempt to go on with a reduced budget." Among those booked to appear were Jimi Hendrix, Donovan, Count Basie, Eric Burdon and the Animals, and the Byrds.

This has been a bad year for ambitious pop festivals. The Monterey Pop Festival was scotched by the Monterey City Council, and the Rome International Pop Festival was accounted a flop.

Beatles Declare National Apple Week

The Beatles' record company, Apple, will be launched on August 11 with three Beatle productions. Apple has declared the week of August 11-18 National Apple Week.

The first disks will include "Revolution," a John Lennon composition; "Thingummybob," an instrumental featuring Paul McCartney conducting the well-known Black Dyke Mills Brass Band, b/w a McCartney/Black Dyke version of "Yellow Submarine" with a children's choir; and an album of soundtrack music for the film *Wonderwall*, composed by George Harrison. A

Jackie Lomax single will also be released during Apple Week.

The Beatles have recorded thirty tracks that may appear on their first Apple LP. Their soundtrack recordings for the full-length cartoon feature, *The Yellow Submarine*, will not be issued until just before Christmas, to coincide with the film's U.S. opening. The movie contains four brand-new numbers and eight oldies. It has not yet been decided whether to issue the four new tracks on an EP, as the soundtrack to *Magical Mystery Tour* was issued in England, or to put all twelve titles on an LP.

KMPX Scabs Pay Their Dues

Most of the scab diskjockeys who replaced the original staff at San Francisco's pioneer "progressive rock" station KMPX have been fired or quit, as of five weeks after the originals found a new home at KSAN. Once again Larry Miller was the first to pay dues, this time for "not fulfilling his duties as program director," according to his administration. Miller charged that he was not given enough money to run the station, to pay living wages, replace worn equipment or arrange promotion campaigns, while continually pressed to "beat KSAN's ratings." "And despite all our work," he said, "we got absolutely no confidence from the management."

Bad feeling was also mentioned as the reason for the firing of three other DJs and friends of Miller's. Buddha, the first underground personality to break the strike last spring, voluntarily left because of the bad vibrations all around, leaving KMPX with only one working disc jockey. Once again, station manager Ron Hunt

started to bring in out-of-town DJs to fill the gap, this time including a former KMPX'er who had been making underground tapes in Hawaii for the last few weeks.

While the original "underground" station was in its ninth or twelfth hassle, the "progressive rock" format has been finding favor in more and more cities, in some form or other. KSAN's Tom Donahue and B. Mitchell Reed for a while taped daily two-hour evening shows for their sister Metromedia station in Los Angeles, KMET-FM, until KMET switched to 24-hour "progressive." ABC's FM network biggies are working on a progressive package, tentatively called "Underground." Murray the K is going to syndicate a four-hour, six-day show, "Radio Free America," on some fifty AM and FM stations. And a number of local stations have progressive slots, even if only at four in the morning, right down to WTAI, Eau Gallie, Florida, with its evening rock show built entirely around albums donated by listeners.

Who Does Full-Length Rock Opera

The Who are planning to perform and record a rock and roll opera by Peter Townshend, possibly running as long as two hours, vocalist Roger Daltrey announced in London in early June. He expected the Who would begin recording the opera, already nearly written, sometime after their summer U.S. tour, for release after their next album in the conventional song format.

"Actually, Pete has been writing these operas for some time," said Daltrey, "and a lot of our hits come from them. 'I'm a Boy' was from an opera he wrote about living in the year 2000 when there is a machine that

helps you select the sex of your baby. That song was about a woman who couldn't believe that the machine had made a mistake and she'd gotten a boy instead of a girl." "Happy Jack" was from another Townshend opera.

The Who's summer American tour (as a dance band, not an opera troupe) will include the following appearances: J.F.K. Stadium, Philadelphia July 24; Nashville Municipal Auditorium, July 28; Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, August 3; Electric Factory, Philadelphia, August 5-6; Central Park, NY, August 7; Illinois State Fair, Springfield, August 9; and Chicago, August 10.



MERLE HAGGARD: HOME-FRIED HUMOR AND COWBOY SOUL

BY AL ARNOWITZ

Country music is blowing in like a fresh wind from the West. America can't be defined by its pay-toilets and its smog. Merle Haggard never heard of Woody Guthrie, but they're both going to be heroes in the plagued remnants of this murderous decade. Merle Haggard's father was one of those Okies that Woody Guthrie used to sing about. Merle is a gentleman of the cowboy ethic. When he was 14, he was thrown into jail for suspicion of armed robbery. Merle Haggard, a name out of a morality play. That's the kind of songs he sings.

Country people come to the city for excitement. Just to live in the city is enough to drive people to the country for a rest. Westerners are still the peanut butter and jelly of America's cultural diet, and even the Underground, like marijuana, has its roots in the soil.

Neal Cassady was a Denver cowboy before he became the hero of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*, a novel which still reads like a road map for the cross-country lifestyle.

"I don't know if you could call my music cowboy music," says Merle Haggard. "I don't sing about horses. I call it country music, or American music. It's one of the only musics that began with our nation." If Merle Haggard had never heard a Woody Guthrie song, neither had much of the audience that attended the Woody Guthrie memorial concert at Carnegie Hall last January.

Bakersfield is where the wind dropped Jim Haggard after the draught blew into Chacotah, Okla. All his friends and neighbors were migrating there. Jim Haggard was a country fiddler in Chacotah. In Bakersfield, he went to work for the Santa Fe Railway. The year was 1935 and Merle was born two Aprils later, Jim Haggard's second son and third child. When Merle was 9, his father died, leaving little more than the echo of his music.

Bakersfield is one of the most thoroughly modern cities in America now, rebuilt out of the splinters of a 1952 earthquake, but the Bakersfield in which Merle grew up might as well have been back in Oklahoma, with the settler's shacks, the oil wells, the dirt farms, the cotton fields and the ten-gallon drawl of America's Southwest. Merle drove a potato truck, hitch-hiked to Texas,

pitched hay on a farm, hopped freight cars to anywhere, worked as a shooter in the oil fields and drank like a man in Bakersfield's country music saloons.

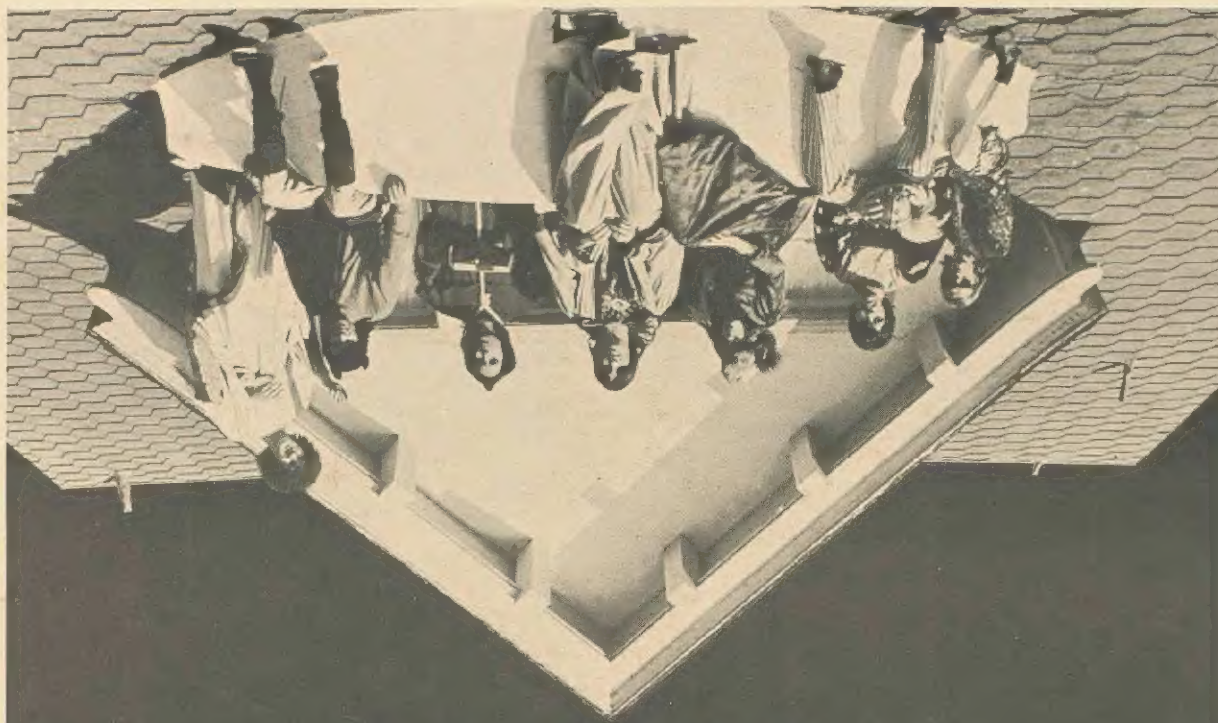
"It helps a guy's outlook on life," he says, "to see how the other half lives, depending on what half you're living in." By the time he was 17, he had spent two years in a reform school. The whole story is in his music, a melodrama of hot buttered regret, deep dish sentimentality, home fried humor and clear, cool cowboy soul. "I've done a lot of living," he says. He sings as if there isn't a mistake he hasn't made. The trinity of his sadness is whiskey, women and the law. His church is righteousness. His laments are simple. "I'll leave the bottle on the bar," he sings, "I'll sober up and come back home to you."

As a kid, he kept running away, he says, because he didn't want to be a burden to his mother. Now his lyrics are about a branded man whose jail record trails after him like leg irons or about a condemned prisoner who asks to hear a song his mama sang before he's put to death. "Well I'm gonna get me a seeing-eye dog to help me find my way," he sings. If Merle Haggard wears his scars as badges, it is not out of pride for the lack of virtue which caused them, but as a celebration of having survived the wounds. He can play the role of the hero, the fool, and the itinerant highway counterman. You look at his album covers and you see his name in his face.

Sing Me Back Home is Merle Haggard's sixth album, and if you really listen to any of them, you'll really want to listen to the rest. The orchestration is as down home as Oklahoma, ranging from a swinging door piano to that buffalo of American instruments, the steel guitar. Merle's five-man group, the Strangers, are also from Bakersfield, which certainly has as much of a claim on Nashville as Boston does on San Francisco.

Buck Owens, Mr. Number One of the Country and Western charts, comes from Bakersfield. So does Tommy Collins, who sometimes writes songs with Merle. So does Liz Anderson and Wynn Stewart and Ferlin Husky and an entire honor roll of other Country and Western stars. And so does Bonnie Owens,

—Continued on Page 22



The Comfortable Chair



BE ME ● SOME SOON—SOME DAY

PRODUCED BY ROBBIE KRIEGER & JOHN DENSMORE

ON



ODE RECORDS

John J. Rock



DEFINITIVE WORD HAS FINALLY ARRIVED on Jim Morrison's rather worn-out and self-conscious stage maneuvers. According to Mick Jagger, who saw him a few weeks ago at the Hollywood Bowl, Morrison's act is a "bore." . . . The not-so-definitive, but widely heard, story is that Cream is breaking up in a month or so. Artistically, it seems quite logical, and the personality indications are there. If Clapton is free, a lot of people will want to do a group with him, including Buddy Miles, who is off to London in a few weeks to discuss just that.

SOME RECORDING NEWS: Traffic has gotten together about eight tracks toward their next record, which might be a double record set. Dave Mason has written a lot of them, and Jim Capaldi a few. Then they're going back on tour in the United States. . . . Small Faces have a great new record out (English release only, so far), titled *Ogden's Nut Gone Flake*. It's packaged in a round cardboard container which opens up to reveal a simulated tobacco tin, filled with a brown leafy substance, with a package of cigarette papers stuck within. The music's fine, too. When they head this way, the Faces will break it up in America just like the Who.

Columbia will have another "Grace Slick with the Great Society" album out sooner or later, due to a fairly respectable response to the first set of tapes made two years ago at the Matrix in San Francisco. New titles include "Darkly Smiling," "Nature Boy," "Grimly Forming," "Daydream Nightmare," "Born to be Burned," and "Father," the last track with Grace on bass guitar. . . . Cream's *Wheels Of Fire* has already passed the \$1,000,000 sales mark, making it a gold record almost upon release. . . . Booker T. Jones has been signed by Director Jules Dassin (*Never On Sunday*) to do the score to his new film, *Up Tight*. Booker will use the M.G.'s for the score. . . . Gordon Alexander (who wrote "Strawberry Tea" on the Tiny Tim album) has been signed to Columbia Records by his manager, Billy James. . . . Shirelles—you must remember them—have signed on with Mercury's new blues label, Bluerock.

THINGS TO TICKLE YOUR MAIDEN AUNT: Michael D'Abo, of the Manfred Mann group, says that he had a little trouble with his stateside record company. As a follow-up to "Mighty Quinn," the group recorded a song written by John Simon from the unreleased Barry Feinstein movie, "You Are What You Eat," titled "My Name Is Jack." The song concerns Superspade, a murdered Haight-Ashbury figure who is featured prominently in the movie. Anyway, they had to change the name "Superspade" to "Superman" in the U.S. version to "satisfy" the record company.

Bluesman Junior Wells, set for a 12-week tour of the Far East at the end of November, was quoted recently in Newsweek as saying: "Then they asked me what I thought of black power. I said black power is me making it with Aretha Franklin."

CHANGES FOR THE RECORD: Eddie Floyd got busted in Memphis on dope charges. . . . Harvey Kornspann relieved as manager of the Steve Miller Band. . . . Al Kooper married in New York to his attractive girlfriend Joan. . . . John Lennon separated in London from his wife Cynthia. . . . Peter Townshend married to his girlfriend Karen, and will settle in the country at the end of the Who's current tour. . . . Grateful Dead and Big Brother and the Holding Company all look fairly bizarre in Richard Lester's *Petulia*. Also worthwhile in the cinema, *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*, with music by Traffic and Spencer Davis group. . . . I remember reading in the trades about how Dot Records was about to "launch the most extensive publicity campaign in their history for Mike Nesmith's (a Monkee) orchestra record, *The Wichita Train Whistle*." Haven't seen any ads, releases or nothing on the subject and a friend got me to listen to the record. It's awful, and friend remained a friend by not playing the second side (it was his first listen, as well). And what is the moral of this? Just a simple reminder: you got to have the talent.

MORE INTELLIGENCE: Someone is trying to resurrect the Boston Sound, or so it appears. A couple of sonorous articles on same have recently appeared in a few places, carrying on as if it really did happen. Someone's got a lot of money invested therein, and a few last gasps are bound to be made. . . . What's happening at Motown? Rumblings of discontent were heard from the fabulously successful Holland-Dozier-Holland producing-songwriting team about how they weren't making enough money. Now we see that their names haven't been on any product from Motown in the last month or so. If they've left, it's like George Martin leaving the Beatles.

LIFE MAGAZINE's big spread on rock and roll was a huge disappointment. For some reason these people never seem to be able to understand, as Bob Dylan so memorably pointed out. The photos they did were, by and large, awful, especially the ones of the Airplane and the Doors. On the other hand, the Cream and Mothers photos were top-notch. Except for Frank Zappa's article, the written content was typically uninformative and uninteresting. With all these magazines and television shows and "serious" writers taking an interest in rock, they just can't accept it as rock and roll music, for what it is. They must see it as "the new rock art" or "theatre," or a "social movement." Thus they have to twist it around to meet their terms and miss the mark by a country mile. Too bad.



ERIC JACOBSEN IN TOWN WITH 'HYBRIDIZED PRODUCTION TRIP'

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

Producer Erik Jacobsen, the man who brought the Lovin' Spoonful to the fore and good-time music to the charts, has settled in San Francisco with a production company of his own. Bankrolled by Warner Brothers Records and working under the aegis "Sweet Reliable Productions," he's looking for some talent. But Jacobsen, tall and angular, is a very narrow-minded cat.

All he wants to do is make hit records.

This means that he means business—even in San Francisco, home for a lot of financially-spoiled "stars." Jacobsen, then, won't stand for groups that, as he puts it, "come in and ask for fifty thousand dollars front money and don't want to have to show up at the studio." To him, "that's bullshit and makes this a naive scene, no matter how much creativity there is around here."

Jacobsen can afford to talk this way. He produced nine straight "Top Ten" singles for the Spoonful before they parted company last spring; he had an instant hit with the Sopwith Camel ("Hello Hello"), and he did Tim Hardin's first two albums.

But there are better reasons. First, Warner Brothers is putting absolutely no pressure on Jacobsen to produce, say, a certain number of sides within a certain time. So, set up in his twin offices in the Columbus Tower (for Sweet Reliable and for Great Honesty, his music publishing company), he has taped only four or five tunes since last September and isn't sending them to Warner Brothers yet.

Also, he learned some harsh realities about record stars through his work with the Spoonful, the Camel and Hardin.

The Spoonful, almost manufactured by Jacobsen and songwriter John Sebastian out of their common love of country string bands, hit stardom too fast. "It took just eight months and they had a number one record," said Jacobsen, "and as they became bigger stars, they got this 'Big Time Rock and Roll Syndrome.'"

The studio became a battleground between producer and artists; Sebastian shifted his writing style after he got married; the band got plunged into a controversial drugs mess, and altogether "it became a big conflict and I couldn't do my best job anymore." Jacobsen was fired, gasped a sigh of relief, and hiked off into independent production.

His next group was the Camel, a San Francisco band boasting a prolific writer (Peter Kramer) and a litting, Sebastian-like vocal style. But it was too close to the Spoonful, in more ways than one. "They had a hit with their first try," Jacobsen said, "and the pressure just blew their minds. They broke up behind absolute, psychically unsettled waters at all times." Kramer is now writing songs for Great Honesty.

With Hardin, Jacobsen had another fine composer who, like Sebastian and the Camel, "had fabulous capabilities. Just like the others, though, he needed discipline."

And that's the avowed name of Erik Jacobsen's game: control of artists. In a way, he wants to emulate the Stax-Volt, Atlantic and Motown operations. "They've got studio cats who can really come up with it, with no hassles."

His goal is to sift through all the San Francisco groups that are, as he puts it, "long on talk—and maybe long on music, too—but short on organization," and get together "a bunch of people with contributions to make—writers, great players, a couple of singers," find them a good studio in the city (or build one in Mill Valley, San Francisco's version of LA's Topanga Canyon), and finally make San Francisco a major record production center.

So Jacobsen isn't seeking a set-up band (although he says he will listen to a tape from a group, "on the outside chance they're different from the usual organized band"). Rather, he says, "it's sort of a hybridized production trip I'm on right now."

Still, it may be expected that Jacobsen will have his ears open for certain breeds; he's clearly identified with the good-time sound of electric, country string bands.

He himself says that his specialty is "tight band arrangements," stemming at least partly from his own performing background. He played a five-string banjo with a collegiate group called the Knoblick Upper Ten Thousand back around 1962 (which was really early for a band to have such a trippy name). The group did mostly "old-line, hard driving, fast-picking rhythms," Jacobsen says, and they were in the Albert Grossman managerial firm. Jacobsen didn't become a Dylan, but he gleaned show business know-how from Master Grossman, huddled with Sebastian ("to plot our crash into pop music, because we knew folk-rock was going to happen"), and began turning out his own hits.

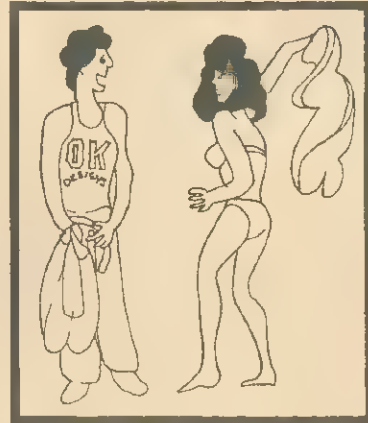
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"Wait'll You Hear Notes from the Underground!"



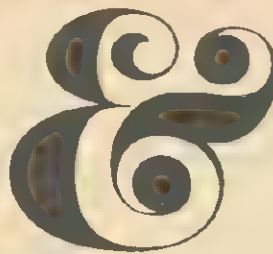
Debut Album

On Vanguard Records



—FROM SUPERLOVE, COPENHAGEN

JULIE
DRISCOLL



BRIAN
AUGER
THE TRINITY



**"THIS
WHEEL'S
ON FIRE"**

ON ATCO RECORDS #6593





THE ROLLING STONES

—Continued from Page 1

*The guitar players look
famished.
They've been outcasts all
their lives.*

Mick Jagger brought the un-mixed master tapes for the new album to Los Angeles in the middle of July. With him came Jimmy Miller, a 27-year-old American, who has been the producer of every group Stevie Winwood has been in (such tunes as "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "I'm A Man") and whom the Stones signed to help them with this album.

With him, Mick also brought the artwork for the album, to show around and consider. It follows the idea of the title. The best shot, for a double spread photo on the inside of the album, is a picture of the Stones dressed ragamuffin style at this huge eating table in some castle, with a fantastic spread before them. The photo will be printed in dark brown, approximating the old daguerreotype photograph and just a few things, like cherries in a bowl, will be tinted a rose color like the postcards of the 1920's.

Although the record itself was recorded at Olympic Studios in London during the Spring, they brought it to California for the final touches. It had already been mixed once in London, but they were so dissatisfied with it that they called Glyn Johns, their regular engineer, to re-do the mix.

Johns, a 26-year-old English schoolboy imp, was in Los An-

geles, producing the Steve Miller Band's second album, and so Mick brought the tapes there, where they were mixed in the middle of July from midnight to four or five in the morning for about a week, after the Miller Band sessions in Studio 3, located in Hollywood.

Studio 3 stands right around the corner from the giant RCA studios on Sunset Blvd., where, two and three years ago, the Stones were recording parts of their earlier albums. In RCA in 1968, the cavernous studios where orchestras are recorded are now vacant but for two guards and an unknown group who will try but never get there. Two or three years ago, hundreds of girls waited for days to see the Rolling Stones, and it was one of the prototypical scenes of the British Invasion, as it was called then.

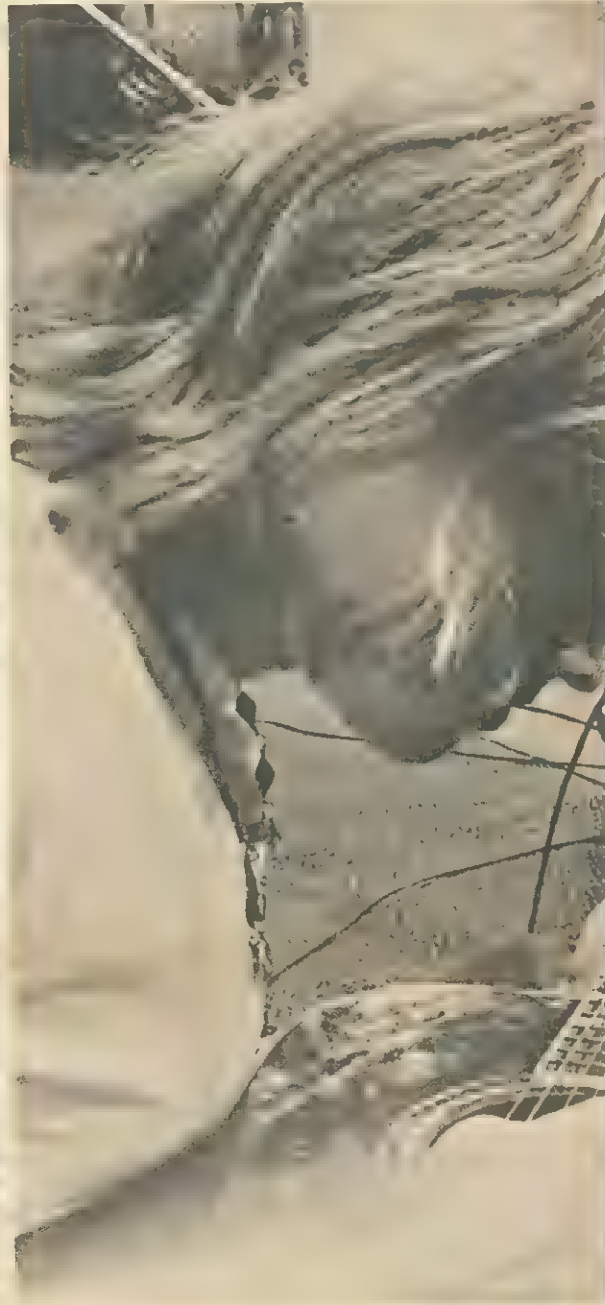
Today, Mick Jagger quietly came and went at midnight, sitting for hours with Johns, Miller and two guests, playing each song at least ten times each, at full volume, to find the right placement, level and tonal value for each instrument on a track. Again and again it went on, the tedious workmanship of the very precise craft of rock and roll recording.

Today, Mick Jagger, a thin, modish Oscar Wilde figure, is the object of a bizarre variation on the same sort of manhunt. One night, someone left the door ajar and several girls on their way somewhere spotted Mick and hung around the outside en-

—Continued on Next Page



DEAN GOODHILL



—Continued from Page 11
trance for a half hour, gathering a little crowd until it was apparent that nothing was going to happen.

A young man with cat eyes and his hair pulled back into a braid like that of a Tibetan temple keeper, re-appeared with his friends night after night to wait. The first night he threatened to pound on the door until he was let in. The look of his eyes, as he was told "no" was frightening; it seemed a matter of life for him to be inside. In the early morning he followed Jagger driving where he was staying in Beverly Hills.

There were just a few people on the first days, but the reaction to the famous—and in this case, almost what one could call the "spiritually famous"—was as intense as ever. Jagger was also seen at places like the Hollywood Bowl and the Whiskey A Go Go, and his presence caused wave-like spreading of recognition. He is still Mick Jagger.

Oh there's 20,000 grandma's
Waving their hankies in the air;

And burning up their tensions,
Shouting "It's not there."
There's a regiment of soldiers,
Standing looking on;
And the Queen is bravely
shouting,

"What the hell is going on?"
With a blood-curdling
"Tally-ho,"

She charged into the ranks,
And blessed all those
grandma's

Who with their dying
breaths,

Wave "Thanks."
"Jigsaw Puzzle," more or less the story of the band, was recorded with eleven other tracks at Olympic Studios in London during the period February to July. Two of the others—"Jumpin' Jack Flash" and "Child of the Moon"—were issued on a single ("Jack" got to number two in the charts) and are not planned for release on the album, although Jagger says their American record company may put them on, even if their English company doesn't.

The recording sessions stretched from February of this year to the end of June, with

plenty of three week vacations during that time. The sessions were booked from 7:00 PM in the evening and sometimes lasted till daybreak, depending on who was getting flaked out, when, where and how, and why. It was the fastest album that the Stones have ever done.

A month before they went into the studios, they rented a rehearsal hall in Surrey and played there every day, not formally practicing for the album, but just blowing for fun, for getting together and losing the rust that accumulates when you are not working for months and months at a time.

Each basic track on the album took from three or four hours to eight or nine hours. Most of the songs were written before hand, so that studio time wasn't taken up with a lot of fussing around. One track remains untitled at the moment, but was originally called "Silver Blanket." Mick did the vocal while in Los Angeles.

One of the interesting things that characterized the sessions was that Mick did a lot of live singing, that is, he did the vocal

track at the same time that the instrumental tracks were being done, rather than overdubbing the vocal onto an already recorded number. Just this little thing improves the feeling and sound of the record intangibly but very definitely.

Beggars' Banquet is a cohesive work in style and spirit, yet the tracks are all easily identifiable on their own, each with its own distinction. "Factory Girl" is a simple one, with very basic lyrics about a cat who is waiting in the rain for his chick, a factory girl, and he describes how she looks. There is a country fiddle on the number. "Parachute Woman" is a moderate blues, a R&B number really, with a strongly echoed harmonica.

"Prodigal Son" is almost literally the story from the Bible, about the son who leaves home and then returns. It is done in modern phrasing although some of the things, like killing the fattened calf, are taken right from the Bible. Mick does it in a deep, Southern voice, accompanied by a mouth harp and acoustic guitar.

"Street Fighting Man" and



RAY GOODHILL

"Stray Cat" are what would be called "ravers." They are very strong, hard blues numbers with heavy guitar chording and pace, reminiscent of what the Stones must have felt like a long time ago when they were unknown and trying to make it in the cheap clubs and bars around London. "Stray Cat" is about a 15-year old chick with an older sister, both of whom are invited up for a little fun. Mick sings "Bet your mama don't know you can bite like that." The solos on the electric guitar are a little disappointing, but the excitement of the 12-bar structure, turning around and around again with harder and harder punches (and accompanied by a mellotron) is superb. They are great numbers.

"Dear Doctor" is a hokey, countryish song. Mick said that it wasn't intended to be a laugh, or in any way light, but that it came out that way and it makes a good change of pace. The song sounds like some bizarre jug-band with a string-bass and a washboard. The refrain is "Help me, please, doctor, I'm damaged." In the middle, Mick reads

a "letter" spoken over the bridge, in a high-pitched, cracked country voice, a la the Diamonds in "Little Darlin'."

"No Expectations" is probably the best of songs, in the classical meaning of song. It is very together, a ballad in the country style, but a very smooth one. The lyrics are plain but elegant: "Take to me to the airport, Put me on a plane; I've got no expectations to pass through here again." Nicky Hopkins on piano dominates the cut with a Floyd Cramer style. In fact, the song as a whole could be described as what Floyd Cramer might have written were he leaving "Desolation Row."

"Sympathy for the Devil," is bound to be the most 'significant' of the songs on the album. It is a complex piece, about five minutes long. It was originally done in a very Dylanish style, but two nights later, in London, they cut a second version of the song, and made it a stone heavy. Keith plays bass, Bill plays maracas, some West Indian cat plays conga drums, and everyone in the studio at that time contribut-

ed yelps, "ooh-ooh's" and Mick did the grunts.

The first version of the song—then called "The Devil Is My Name"—contained the lyric "I shouted out, 'Who Killed Kennedy?' After all it was you and me." The next day Bobby was shot. The second version of the song, the one which will be on the album, recorded the next day, has this line instead: "I shouted out, 'Who Killed the Kennedys?' After all it was you and me."

The chorus is "Pleased to meet you/Won't you guess my name?/What's puzzling you is the nature of my game." This is not a "protest" song as they have come to be called, but it makes most everything recently done in that bag look pretty pablumish. Mick opens the song with these lines: "Please allow me to introduce myself, I'm a man of wealth and taste."

The record will probably not be released until the end of August, unless things are speeded up a bit. It is the Stones' best record, without a doubt, and one that is immensely pleasing after *Saturnic*

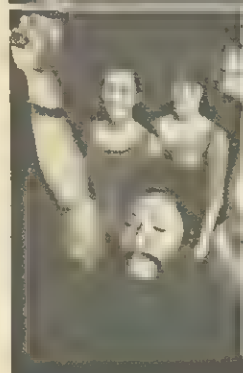
People who are always trying to spot trends have been talking about the "rock and roll revival" in England, and forecasting a country and western period here. These things inevitably become faddish and worn-out, but after a dozen groups have recorded country albums in Nashville and another dozen have re-made "Blue Suede Shoes" what will remain is, among other pieces, this new album by the Rolling Stones which uses country and western music as it traditionally has been used in rock and roll: an album which is also an example of the basic musical esthetic values of rock and roll that have been present in all the great rock and roll records of the past, are present here and probably will be in the future.

Writing about another subject entirely, Kathleen Cleaver said something which probably describes this album—and the best of rock—excellently: "The perfect art which conceals art, that satisfying spontaneity which can be achieved only by taking intense thought."



DEAN CROUCH

The explosive Off-Broadway hit at the Cherry Lane Theater is a powerful listening experience.



"irresistible!"
-Edwin Newman, NBC-TV
"fabulous!"
Al an Jefferys, WABC TV
"extraordinary!"
David Goldman, WCBS Radio

RCA

VISUALS

TOP OF THE UNDERGROUND: REEL HUMOR & FLASHES



BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

Among other things, The Rolling Renaissance—which filled twenty San Francisco art galleries throughout June and gave the City a look back over more than a quarter of a century of its underground arts—produced what was probably the first major retrospective underground film festival.

Organized by John Schofill, a young Bay Area film-maker, the festival ran four consecutive nights at the Light Sound Dimension theater. It included over forty films, ranging from "The Fotted Psalm," made in 1946 by James Broughton and Sidney Peterson and probably the first San Francisco underground film, to William Hindle's 1968 "Chinese Firedrill" and Broughton's new film, "The Bed." Overflow crowds had to be turned away each night, there was probably not a person under 40 who didn't see a few previously legendary films for the first time, and the whole program was probably the best and most successful survey ever presented in the Bay Area of the last two decades of underground film.

Let me say here that I consider the underground movement—"experimental," "avant garde," "personal," take your choice—to be the only real thing happening in film. *Blow-up*, *Bonnie and Clyde* and a few TV commercials notwithstanding. There has been a consistent integrity in underground film-making that these commercial efforts mostly lack—the facts they touched off weren't entirely the fault of the audience—and there is an earthiness and vitality to American experimental film that is notably absent from the European product.

I say this because the rest of my remarks are going to be hypercritical. The festival and films, like most festivals and underground films, suffered from an Economy of Scarcity attitude. Because festivals are so rare, you have to cram each program with three or four hours of concentrated viewing, and because film is so expensive, you have to throw every inch of exposed footage into your flick. Time and again, one is tempted to charge the projector with a pair of scissors.

Strangest of all, though, were Schofill's extensive program notes, generally quite good, but every so often reflecting an Underground-Movies-Are-Better-Than-Ever attitude which was not at all borne out by the four evenings, especially the final program, "The New Film Renaissance." A good parallel to the difference between the underground films of today and those of ten years ago was offered in a large photography show that filled the theater's lobby. It consisted about equally of

shots of old Beats by old Beats and shots of new Hippies by new Hippies, and the contrast was striking. The Beat photographers did scarcely anything new with the medium of photography, but they had all kinds of penetration into the people and atmospheres of their subject matter. The new photographers have developed all kinds of new techniques, and God, do they have style, but scarcely anything substantial to say. The medium may be the message, but by itself it can be a message of dreary uniformity. Or: Mankind is infinite in its variety, but when you've seen one technique, or one style, you've seen the lot.

The development of underground film in the past ten years was summarized in the festival's two final programs. The old Beat film-makers—Chris McLaine, Dio Vigne, Don Rice—were extravagant with personal statement, and almost completely lacking in what is now considered style and technique. The new film artists have developed great technical sophistication, all kinds of style, and most of their work is in color; but the total effect is too often simply a bead-like chain of visual effects. And only a few of the finest film-makers, old or new, have grappled successfully with the over-riding problem of form, with its component parts of proportion, pacing and, above all, length.

The only real exceptions among the new films were by three film-makers who are actually transitional figures, Broughton, Bruce Conner and Bruce Baillie.

"The Bed" is a superb film, even better than Broughton's early Fifties "The Pleasure Garden," and an infinite improvement over his earlier films that were screened the first evening. These were long and slow-paced, lingering tediously on effects that may have once seemed avant-garde—somewhat like the new films, although the effects were literary and surreal rather than visual and "psychedelic." "The Bed," by contrast, is brisk and highly visual, and, while still literary or poetic in tone, a sheer delight of whimsy, Edenesque innocence, witty perversity and ringing affirmation.

Conner's "The White Rose" is a fine, brief, tongue-in-cheek "documentary" of a huge painting being removed from an artist's studio, carried onto a Bekin's moving van with a combination of cold efficiency and all the lugubrious solemnity of a state funeral. "The White Rose" has remarkable timing and pace, and an "artless" style which can only come out of a deep sense of what the art is all about. It has another quality that is too often missing from the work of other new film-makers: a sense of humor. This does not neces-

sarily mean that new film-makers are all profound and serious. In fact, it frequently seems that they confuse seriousness with a kind of grim, scowling earnestness. Alan Watts once recounted the story of an acquaintance who had just made his first trip on mind-expanders. He was bitterly disappointed; having expected a religious experience, all he had done was laugh. This classic example of missing the point seems true of all too many of the new film-makers. Of them all, only Conner and Broughton provide this sense of holy laughter. There is a touch of it at the beginning of Hindle's "Firedrill," and elusive flashes in parts of Michael Stewart's "The Gray Unnamable."

Humor, holy or otherwise, is not an absolute essential in meaningful film-making; Bruce Baillie's 1963 "To Parsifal" is more than enough to prove that.

Baillie is a great lyricist of the camera, but if this were all, his films would simply add up to so much glossy travelogue color footage. His films transcend this because his sense of structure, flow and human meaning are epic. "To Parsifal" is an entirely personal statement, but the structure of the Parsifal legend—underlined by Wagner's music—gives direction and a sense of universal purpose; ships are not simply ships, but the symbols of a personal pilgrimage; a freight train steaming through a mountainous landscape takes on the meaning of a journey through the deepest layers of consciousness; close-ups of water, rocks and insects are not simply Walt Disney nature studies, but enlightenment.

The contrast between "To Parsifal" and "Off-On," a 1967 film by Scott Bartlett, makes a case study of all that is wrong with "The New Film Renaissance." Bartlett's film was probably one of two or three most technically accomplished of the festival; it is a sequence of brilliant, semi-abstract effects in superb color. But that's all.

Ben Van Meter's "San Francisco Trips Festival" does more or less the same thing, using multiple exposures that produce a moving collage of photographic images. Van Meter calls his films "Documentaries," but even a run-of-the-mill documentary makes some attempt to get into its subject. Van Meter has just completed a feature-length trilogy—too long, no doubt, for a festival program—which does get inside its subject deeply, and makes its statement from within. "Trips Festival," though, is just so much footage, suitable, perhaps, for the "psychedelic" scene in a Hollywood hippie movie.

Along with Bartlett's "Off-On," the slickest product among the new films

was Schofill's own 1968 "X Film." It has some beautiful frames, mostly the kind you expect out of Bruce Baillie—a weird factory, a stark farm with a windmill, a flying airplane. But all too quickly it begins to show symptoms of Great American Film-itis; scenes from Mission Impossible and other TV images flicker across the screen in a haze of blue light, and then there is all the frenzy, excesses and artificial beauty of the American Way of Life, presented with the even greater frenzy, excess and contrivance of effects-for-effects'-sake filmmaking.

Films like this you simply have to more or less take as they are, and be happy that only a handful of brilliant scenes stick in your memory when they are over. The really frustrating thing is the way the whole hang-up with visual gimmickry has ruined some otherwise fine films. "Chinese Firedrill" has elements of greatness; it begins with the voice of a Chinese dryly recounting what happened to him when war first hit his homeland; he is philosophical and ironic, but the camera dredges up all the horror that his consciousness has buried in stark, fragmented scenes of ruins, uprooting and pursuit. But about two-thirds through the reel, Hindle seems to have run against a dead-end, and a powerful, moving, tremendously human statement is flashed out with a melange of quick-cut visuals.

"The Gray Unnamable" is another, lighter social comment film, more modest and more human than "Film" because it makes its point by concentrating on the faces and movements of the faceless, aimless crowds on downtown Market Street. It has some brilliant scenes, especially the ones involving slow and ultra-rapid motion shots, but it, too, ends with a Mxbmaster explosion of meaningless images. It seems to be the thing to do when you can't figure how to end the film.

One of the big surprises of the festival was that, of almost all the films, both old and new, the most memorable and durable were the old abstractions of the Fifties. This was true not only of things by the great master abstractionists, Jordan Belson and Harry Smith, but also the work of such secondary figures as Hy Hirsch, Jane Conger and Patricia Marx. Their films were infinitely more "abstract" in form than almost anything being done by the new film-makers, most of whom use various techniques of scrambled photography. But they unfold with a logic, and a meaning that eludes the visual effects of the new film-makers. When more of them figure out why this is, there may really be a new film renaissance.



BY CHARLES PERRY

The Thirty-Fifth Annual Berkeley Fiddler's Convention, held in Berkeley's Provo Park on June 8, was the first banjo and fiddle contest of its type. It was the first such contest in Berkeley, the first First Contest ever numbered Thirty-Fifth, and the first totally bullshit competition in a public place. Named after a particularly influential recording of an old-time fiddler's convention in Union Grove, S.C., it brought the loyal old line of young traditional folk musicians together in a twangy unamplified freakout that had a noticeable attendance of rock musicians.

It was a clear, warm day in Provo Park, that little city block of lawn and trees that was known as Constitution Park until the Provos, Berkeley's Diggers, started to give out free food there last year. The downtown Berkeley location is a bizarre one for such a concert, overlooked as it is by the City Hall and Courthouse, the Educational Testing Service offices and the WPA-style bas-reliefs of the Berkeley High School Auditorium. Rock concerts are common there on weekends, but on this occasion electrical cords were strictly "no-fair."

Most big names in rock and roll were folk musicians at one time or another—even Paul Butterfield's first album was presented as folk blues, to the point of containing a note of

FIDDLIN' IN BERKELEY

apology in the liner notes for the band's use of electrified guitars. At Provo Park there was a distinct affinity between the representatives of the Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, Jefferson Airplane and suchlike bands in the audience and the folkie lineup with names like the Cleanliness and Godliness Skiffle Band, the Diesel Ducks and the Finger of Scorn. The paisley and cowboys-and-indian motif in clothing, the underground attitudes expressed in an occasional song, the musical play and spaced-out grins were all from the same spectrum.

What would appear to be the enduring core of the folk music scene, apart from the liberal political sympathies, is the conception of music being made by folks, for folks. Corny as this can get at times, it has revolutionary implications for an age in which most music is not artistic communication but a consumer good. A down-to-earth, relaxed quality and a sense of musical tradition and a community of peers, rather than an audience, have been the essence of folk music, despite the aberrations of super-folkloremanism, folk romanticism and mechanical monster Bluegrassery.

The importance attached to in-

strumental technique in the hippie folk scene five or ten years ago was distinctly played down. The bluegrass craze had left a relatively small mark, and in fact contest competitiveness was mocked throughout. First prize was five pounds of rutabagas. Second prize, six pounds. The judges made a point of becoming ostentatiously drunk, and at one juncture one of the judges assured the crowd that there was nothing to worry about because the winners had been picked weeks before and their names were in a sealed envelope.

Musicians were more likely to get points for a well-developed and personal style than for playing in a protest vein or at breakneck speed. The Poison Coyote Kid, for instance, got a point for his good country name. It is not clear, however, what the points meant in evaluating the winners.

The banjo contest winner, Winnie Winston, took the prize even though being from New York cost him a point. Skip Buehling picked up four points altogether, between being short and putting a sock in his banjo (Rowan and Martin Award). The Tiny Tim Award went to Dave Ricker for mincing in his approach to the microphone. Unfortunately, the sec-

ond-place winner in the banjo contest could not be found when the winners were announced, and his six pounds of rutabagas were distributed among the audience.

In the fiddle contest Susan Draheim gained ½ point for being a lady and Colleen Allen two points for being properly impressed by the bench, but they lost to Naomi Eisenberg. The Family Cow was the biggest hit of the fiddle contest with their ten-man band performance of the grand old Perry Como number "Catch a Falling Star," which featured a drum majorette twirling a baton. However, although the twirler was awarded ½ point for no giggle, the band was disqualified for unlawful assembly.

The Diesel Ducks were standouts in the band division of the contest, with their "Grocery Store Music," a parody of Keweenaw's "Jug Band Music." "Sounds so fine—hmm—I can't stop buyin'" — with interludes of Muzak favorites such as "Pennies from Heaven," "Tiptoeing through the Moonlight" and "Canadian Sunset." The Golden Toad was also notable for its fiddle and bagpipe duets and obstreperous medieval fanfares.

No notes exist for the band contest though, since by that part of the afternoon the judges were completely uncapable.



U. R. BARNETT III

ELECTRONIC ROLL

BY EDMUND O. WARD

Rock shares much common ground with electronic music, just as it shares much common ground with jazz, but, as is also true with jazz, it does not pay to try to draw too many parallels. For, while rock is, basically, electronic music (think for a moment what a real "electric guitar" would be), it is obvious that pure rock and pure electronic music are worlds apart. And, as is also true with jazz, the workable attempts at cross-fertilization are mighty scarce.

The theremin, the first electronic instrument, made its debut at the 8th All-Soviet Electrical Congress in 1920, and the next decade saw the birth of the Spharophon, Trautonium and Electrode (not to mention the Electrofronic Violin), as well as the more durable Ondes Martinot. The Thirties also saw the development by Miesner Inventions, Inc., of the first semi-electric fretted instruments (using a natural signal source such as a vibrating string, rather than an electronic signal source), and a young serialist composer named John Cage doing experiments with sound printed on optical film.

During the Forties, electric guitars began to be used both by dance-band guitarists and the black musicians who were expanding the context of the blues and forging a new style soon to be known as rhythm and blues. At the end of the war, the first magnetic tape recorder (the kind used today) was captured from a German radio station, where it had been used to broadcast Hitler's speeches "live" while he retired in safety elsewhere.

Shortly thereafter the tape recorder became an item for public consumption, and young French composers like Pierre Schaefer began musical experiments based on natural sound recorded and then distorted electronically, a style which was dubbed "Musique Concrete." These early experiments, loudly derided as non-musical, consisted of tricks that form the basic repertoire of any competent recording engineer today. For instance, one piece consisted of the sound of church bells speeded up, slowed down, played faster, played backwards, and finally mixed together.

Another development of this period was a new form of electronic music—the kind that uses electronically-generated sound exclusively. This seems to have attracted many academically-oriented composers—some of the more avant-garde serialists like Milton Babbitt, for instance. Attempts were made to reconcile the new medium with the older ones, among the more outstanding attempts being Remi Gassmann's rather abortive ballet *Electronics* and Karl Birger von Blomdahl's superlative opera *Aniara*, but most efforts of this type, such as Leuning and Ussachevsky's *Concerted Piece for Tape Recorder and Orchestra* left the electronic sound sticking out embarrassingly alone.

Today, there are many people involved in "serious" (as opposed to popular) electronic music. Columbia and Princeton share a massive computer-synthesizer complex on 125th Street in New York, and the University of Illinois has a hyper-active Studio for Experimental Music. Many of the works of composers based at both of these places are available on (frequently budget-priced) records, but the quality of these works seems to be uniformly low, especially in comparison to some of the recent work being done by Japanese composers. Unfortunately, none of the Japanese works seem to be out on vinyl, and they can only be heard at such events as the annual New York

Avant-Garde Festivals.

Naturally, in a medium as conservative as popular music was in the Fifties there was little thought of adapting such wildly experimental ideas for the ditties of the day. Nevertheless, as soon as the introduction of new recording techniques made it possible, extra-musical elements were introduced into popular music and, what's more, were accepted. Today the roaring surf and screaming gulls of the Tymes' "So in Love" sound almost like a parody of Musique Concrete, but it was a genuine innovation at the time. Ross Bagdasarian made a fortune on a kind of Musique Concrete manipulation of his voice that became known as David Seville and the Chipmunks. Relatively unnoticed was the introduction into an early Della Reese song, "The Big Hurt," of a hunk of pure electronic sound which streaked across the background like a covey of MIGs and lent a very distinctive texture and character to the song.

But the sound barrier had yet to be broken. The real history of electronic music in rock begins with the Beatles feeding back a guitar at the beginning of "I Feel Fine." True, the controlled distortion given off by any amplifier forms the basis of the hard, metallic sound of much rock, but this was the perfect synthesis of noise and music performed by the only people who could have gotten away with it at the time.

Noise and Music. There is a difference, you know, quite apart from the matter of aesthetics, and now rock, as well as classical music was faced with the problem of integrating the two. Music (commonly defined as sound ordered along with any one of a multitude of systems) is the art form that engages the emotions with the least mediation of the intellect. Other artforms are subject to didactic interpretation, but in music any discussion of "meaning" or "mood" is highly subjective. Music is, already, what Rimbaud wanted his poetry to be: immediate communication.

Noise, on the other hand, may be defined as the category of all non-ordered, or random, sound. Previous to this brief moment of feedback by the Beatles, all tension/release effects in popular music had been achieved by musical means, mainly harmonic resolutions and rhythmic devices, which techniques are as old as the Western musical tradition. Suddenly popular music was faced with an infinite number of new ways of reaching the emotions through the tension/release techniques of noise and music.

Tension/release is not the only function electronic music serves in rock, but it is the most abused. Electronic music is the perfect tension-arousing device for rock—suddenly the listener is lifted from the familiar context in which he started and is assailed by alien sound. Confusion. Chaos. But what next? We have tension, but where is the release? This is the stickiest problem.

Two solutions exist: leave the listener stranded—which seems as much of a cop-out as a fade and tends to leave one with that let-down feeling so common nowadays. Or you can resolve the chaos, but this is by far harder since the event following chaos must actually resolve it, and not merely add to it. And the resolution of any given circumstance is such an individual matter that it is as impossible to generalize a solution-finding formula for electronically-generated tension as it is to generalize a solution to a harmonically-generated problem.

Anyway, the Beatles had made the statement, and soon groups started picking up on the new idea, espe-

cially in England. Even in their earliest days the Who were making extensive use of feedback, and the Kinks began using it, though sparingly. With the Beatles' *Revolver* album, however, several things changed. The final cut, "Tomorrow Never Knows," was backed by a mesh of pure Musique Concrete of the finest realization. More importantly, the accompaniment was completely tonal and kinetically in sync with the total composition. In fact, the only radical departure in the whole thing was the "instrumentation" or lack thereof.

Revolver began the present era of rock with its unorthodox approach to the music. Soon choppy rhythms, Indian instruments and brass became part of the rock vocabulary. New subtleties and highly sophisticated recording techniques worked in rock. What's more they sold. With this new impetus, the bands embarked upon uncharted waters.

Today, with "experimental" rock a firmly established fact, there exists a considerable body of material that makes use of electronic music and its techniques. With the growing availability of expensive recording equipment and extension of valuable studio time placed at the disposal of even the most inexperienced groups, and with the recent more psychedelic-than-thou craze, the record-buying public has has its collective head bent electronically by everyone from the Stones and the Pink Floyd to Simon and Garfunkel and the United States of America. As might be expected, a good deal of this is pure tripe, but an amazing number of people have shown real insight into the problem of integrating the new sounds into their medium—greater insight, it might even be said, than some of their classical counterparts.

Pete Townshend of the Who, one of the foremost pioneers and practitioners of the art, has this to say in an interview with Miles in the *International Times*: "Electronics take a lot of skill and good luck to control. Feedback is a difficult thing. When I first started I could make a guitar feedback on any note for any length of time and I had such control I could do anything I liked. At the Marquee when we first started, I used to have a guitar going on a chord and stop certain strings with my feet while I was playing something else with one hand while turning up a knob here and I thought: 'What am I doing? Why bother?' The thing is to create the same dramatic effect musically. You could lean on electronic music if you think that it's really valid as part of what you're doing musically. There is a place for electronic music, and there's a place for it in pop. I think that someone should take it up but I don't think that it should be a course of development for just any group to take."

Yet many rock groups have, at one time or another, dabbled in the medium with varying degrees of success. And success sometimes comes where one least expects it. For instance, who would have expected that one of the best-integrated electronic pieces would come from the Rascals? But the manipulation of the voices on "It's Wonderful" (disregarding the trash electronics on the separate band on the single) is certainly one of the most musical applications so far. Van Dyke Parks, the bulk of whose music recalls Broadway and movie music, manipulates much of his instrumentation this way (check out "By the People") and in his vignette entitled "Van Dyke Parks (Public Domain)" he has created a masterpiece of Musique Concrete worthy of inclusion

in a concert of such material. (This from the producer of Harper's Bizarre and the Mojo Men.)

Most of the electronics used in rock today are a form of Musique Concrete, mainly because the more pure electronics present, the more abstract a piece becomes, and rock is basically not an abstract art-form. This would account for the failure of such pieces as the Pink Floyd's "See Emily Play."

The Beatles have relied mainly on Musique Concrete, and they remain its most consistently excellent practitioners in the rock field. The Who have produced one magnificent piece of Concrete in the instrumental break of "Armenia, City in the Sky" which is, despite its ramblings, perfectly true to the harmonic structure of the song as well as perfectly integrated kinetically into it.

The masterpiece of electronic tension/release to date is found in the Electric Flag's "Another Country." This piece suddenly takes off into an ever-changing fabric of electric guitar sounds, a string quartet, LBJ ("We shall overcome") and other guest speakers, and before the listener can get his bearings, the band is back with an easy going guitar riff which leads into the main theme, building up tension harmonically and kinetically that is not quite relieved at the end of the song. The whole thing is capped off by Mike Bloomfield's "Easy Rider," which is one of those carefree things that a tired and happy blues musician might sit around and pick after the customers have gone and they're cleaning up the place. Amazing.

Of the abstract stuff, most of it used for tension/release has not worked, mainly because the medium is so young and has not been explored to its fullest. Most of it seems to follow the big-blocks-of-sound-to-freak-out-your-friends-and-show-off-your-stereo-principle. The Pink Floyd and Jimi Hendrix are two of the chief offenders here. Abstract sound has been used for instrumentation, though, and, in combination with other instruments, some fine results have been obtained.

Joseph Byrd of the United States of America has been very successful in this area, using two instruments invented for his group, the "ring modulator" (a kind of theremin, perhaps?) and the Durret Synthesizer. These elements combine excellently with the conventional instruments, and they give the USA a creative sound unparalleled in its musicality anywhere else in rock. The Beach Boys have put a theremin (or a signal generator—it might be either) into several arrangements, notably on the *Pet Sounds* album and in "Good Vibrations." Mention should also be made of the second-long inter-band explorations of electronic textures on Autosalvage's album, which are just long enough and excellently realized.

The most important single development in rock and electronic music today, however, is the Moog Synthesizer, invented by one R. A. Moog. This incredibly versatile device can duplicate sounds of up to twelve orchestral instruments playing simultaneously, as well as producing a virtually unlimited store of more abstract sounds. A keyboard instrument, it can be found everywhere from the opening note in the Supreme's "Reflections" to the amazing rave-up at the end of the Stones' "We Love You." Simon and Garfunkel's recent *Bookends* album draws heavily and creatively on it, and its incredible versatility combined with its simplicity of operation bodes very well for new things to come.

BY JON LANDAU

Over 21,000 people turned out to hear Joe Tex, King Curtis, Sonny and Cher, Sam and Dave, the Rascals, and Aretha Franklin in a benefit concert for the Martin Luther King Memorial Fund, sponsored by Atlantic records, June 23 at New York's New Madison Square Garden.

The concert proved to be one of the musical events of the year and was both a financial and an artistic success. Producer Sid Bernstein reported that ticket sales totaled \$129,000. An additional \$30,000 was received in the form of contributions. These included a \$5,000 gift from Jimi Hendrix, who was briefly introduced to the audience, apparently against his wishes. Of the \$112,000 remaining after \$48,000 worth of expenses, two-thirds went to the King Fund, and the remaining third went to a National Association of Television and Radio Announcers charity (NATRA is the Black disc jockey's union).

One of the pleasant things about the concert was the professional expertise with which all technical matters were dispatched. The lighting, sound, and stage crew all performed flawlessly. MC's apologized for delays between acts lasting more than five minutes. While such attention to detail is not likely to bring back the stadium style concert, it certainly helped to make this one a success.

Joe Tex came on early to do a short stint because he was flying to Nashville immediately after his performance for a midnight engagement. Tex has a good deal of charisma, but possesses no great voice, and even this brief stint indicated that outside of certain types of ballad singing and his comedy material, he is not a first class vocalist. Nonetheless, he did a very solid "Skinny Legs" and he certainly held the audience.

King Curtis and the Kingpins followed Tex and did a very enjoyable half-hour or so. Curtis Ousley, King's full title, is without question the premier soul horn man. He has been playing Atlantic sessions for close to fifteen years, and while he seldom charts any new paths, he gets an unmatched purity of tone out of his sax, and has a near perfect ability to put the right lick in the right place. Also, his rhythmic sense is extremely well developed and he knows how to structure a solo to create maximum tension. He and his group, which was highlighted by a fine drummer, excelled on his own compositions of "Soul Serenade" and "Memphis Soul Stew," and on "Tighten Up."

Sonny and Cher were introduced to the cheers of the younger set in the house, following Curtis' set. Part of the idea of this concert was to attract an interracial audience. This was done by highlighting two acts who were sure to attract sizable numbers of white people: Sonny and Cher and the Rascals. And the result was fairly successful, for while there were more blacks than whites present, the audience had no racial identity. And Sonny and Cher certainly attracted a good number of teenies for their shenanigans. They flew in from L.A. just prior to the concert, and brought with them their musical conductor and arranger, Harold Batiste, and several sidemen. While some might object to their on-stage lovey-dovishness, the fact is they exhibited a healthy tendency towards self-deprecating humor, and performed with remarkable professionalism. Two or three of their performances, particularly when they sang together, were quite appealing, especially "Baby, Don't Go." The quality of the instrumental support certainly helped a great deal, and I was surprised at how close the band came to reproducing the studio sound of some of the songs.

It wasn't until Sam and Dave were introduced to an ovation that dwarfed all the previous audience response that I realized this crowd had really come to get down with it. They cheered Sam and Dave just for being Sam and Dave. And the Stax duo didn't let the people down. From the opening lines of "Hold On" to the closing rhythm of "Soul Man" they

and their twelve piece band (two drummers) just burned that place down.

I had recently seen Sam and Dave at a Boston dive where I had been immensely impressed with their talent but disappointed by their performance. I surmised at the time that any weakness in performing was purely a function of a rotten audience and dead surroundings. Still, it was a revelation to see them do the same set in front of this audience. Because this audience was ready to participate and Sam and Dave were ready to share their thing with everyone in the house.

The quality that hit me most about them was their class. Not only are they graceful beyond description, both vocally and physically, but they really know how to talk to an audience, how to involve an audience, how to make an audience feel like they're doing the material for the very first time, just for them. They care.

Musically, what they do is turn

ballad of the evening, and then went into a driving "You Don't Know Like I Know," the audience really broke loose. It was a genuine release of tension. They closed with a breathtaking version of "You Don't Know What You Mean To Me," and ended with their best song ever: "Soul Man."

Sam and Dave are in a class by themselves at this point. Sam is the finest male singer of soul music around and Dave gives him very steady support (with an occasional bit of show-stealing). What Sam has is a unique kind of versatility which allows him to drive as hard as James Brown, but to croon as tenderly as Sam Cooke. Sam Cooke is really the right person to compare Sam with, because he has obviously been influenced by him a great deal. Sam and Dave together, in their singing, dancing, and pure showmanship, capture like no one else the person-ality and tenderness of Sam Cooke. They are simply magnificent.



every one of their songs into a production. This tendency results in the creation of a coda for just about all of their songs. The codas are where the audience determines just how good a particular performance is going to be, because the performers can only go as far as the audience will let them. If Sam says "Clap your hands," and nobody claps, that's the end of it right there. If everyone claps beautiful things can happen, and they can go on to the next level of the thing. Needless to say, this audience clapped. And screamed, and shouted, and just did it up right. Not only that. When it was necessary for them to be quiet, they were. At the beginning of "When Something Is Wrong With My Baby," a ballad which is sung largely over just the rhythm section, you could hear perfectly.

The structure of the set - fast-slow-fast-slow - was extremely effective. When they got done with a beautiful "May I Baby," their first

The Rascals had the unenviable task of trying to follow all of that. The idea was that the top white act on the bill should precede the top black one, for symbolic purposes. In terms of programming it would have been more intelligent to have Sam and Dave precede Aretha, for sandwiched between those two acts, the Rascals appeared to be almost trivial.

Felix was simply not up to the vocal competition. Nonetheless, they did their thing and grew more impressive as the set progressed. They closed with a decent version of "Mickey's Monkey."

It's a funny thing about the Rascals. The last time I saw them was when they had just released their first album. I had been very impressed. I thought they were a solid hard rock group. Two years later they have barely changed or improved, are still performing the same songs, in the same style (live), and just haven't grown significantly.

They were the evening's only real disappointment.

At the end of their set, three or four of the black DJ's who had been helping with the MCing came on stage and walked around the huge platform, each of them embracing one of the Rascals. It was a bit contrived, as were most of the evening's gestures and remarks about interracial harmony.

By the time Aretha Franklin was introduced, at 11:30, three and a half hours had elapsed since the start of the concert. Looking both graceful and womanly, she was introduced to an overwhelming ovation from the audience. She was backed by the house band, plus some of her own sidemen, and a gospel chorus which included her sister, Carolyn. She did ten songs, each with growing impact, which ultimately resulted in transforming the audience into full participants in the joyfulness she sought to generate.

From the opening lines of "Satisfaction" it was obvious that we were going to hear something that has yet to be put on a record. Soul artists often record songs after having just learned them. After performing the songs live for a while, they often think up variations or subtle changes which they incorporate into the live performance. Unfortunately, these come too late to be recorded, and consequently, the live performance of a given song often surpasses the studio version. Such was the case with almost all of Miss Franklin's performances. And as a result, when she tore into "Satisfaction" I heard something I had never heard before.

Following "Satisfaction" Aretha did her rendition of "Soul Serenade," which was a treasure. And she followed that with her best original, "If I Lose This Dream." However, the highlight of her performance came when she sat down at the piano to do two songs. The first was "Sweet, Sweet Baby," her best up-tempo piece on *Lady Soul*. That song, which she composed with husband Ted White, was done at a lightning fast tempo, with terrific backing from the girls and the band. She followed it with the single high point of the evening: her performance of her own "Doctor Feelgood."

In the middle of that song she did some things with her voice that I have never heard anyone do. She took one note and drove it up the scale without making any chromatic stops and without making it sound like a gimmick. The audience let out an enormous cheer right in the middle of the song—it was really amazing that in a hall of that size Aretha was able to establish such an intimate communication with everyone there.

Aretha ended her performance with "Respect." By that time it was 12:30. The audience was spent and some people started to leave, knowing this would be her last number. But as people started to leave, many paused in front of the enormous stage around which Aretha was singing and dancing, and gradually a large crowd congregated around all sides of the stage. When she got to the end of the song, she wouldn't quit. She got into the "just a little bit" riff and held it for what seemed like it must have been fifteen minutes. She danced around the stage shaking hands with the brothers, escorted by a couple of men on either side, and she just kept going until there was nothing left to do but leave. It was an absolute triumph.

The thing that most impressed me about Aretha's performance was her womanliness. Most white chick singers seem to get into a competitive thing with their male counterparts. Either that, or they come on as girls. Aretha Franklin came on every inch a woman and she was beautiful to watch from beginning to end. She is the finest female performer of popular music I have ever seen.

One of the many disc jockeys who participated in the MCing was sensitive enough to point out that there was someone missing from this concert who would have been there if he could. Listening to Aretha do "Respect" it made me sad that Otis Redding wasn't there. He would have loved it.

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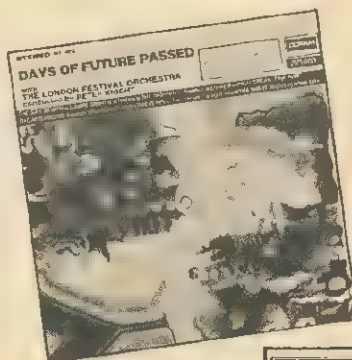
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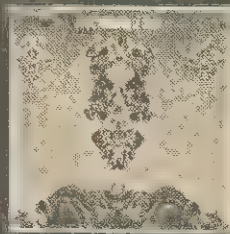


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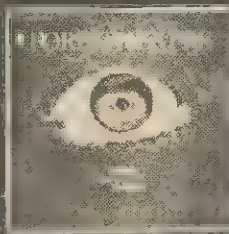
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A Man and the Blues, Buddy Guy (Vanguard VSD-79272)

A Man and the Blues is one of the great blues recordings of all time. Nobody plays guitar like Buddy Guy, Nobody (Mike Bloomfield included). Until this album and until Buddy finally split with Junior Wells, that's all we heard from him, his guitar—but now we find out he's an outstanding vocalist as well.

For his first recording with his own band, Buddy Guy has gathered together some of the finest musicians on the South Side of Chicago—Wayne Bennett on rhythm guitar, Jack Meyers on bass, a saxophone section composed of Donald Hankins, Aaron Corten and Bobby Fields, veterans Lonny Taylor and Freddy Below on drums and, on piano, the magnificent Otis Spann.

"Just Playing My Axe" is all Buddy says he's doing—and he does it so brilliantly, with such incredible dexterity and speed, such finesse, that at first listening it's hard to believe he has only five fingers on his left hand. For those who've never had the thrill of seeing Buddy Guy play in Chicago at Sylvio's or Pepper's Lounge, never watched him stick his guitar against the pipes on the ceiling and play it with one hand; or sit on the bar talking to his axe, asking it to do what no other instru-

ment can do—then the closest you can come is to listen to this record.

Buddy's jazz-oriented blues licks, his "sparks," those lightning-quick "pops" he hits you with, are his own unique property—indigenous only to the magician's hands of Mr. Guy.

Although he's still in his twenties, he knows it all. He started playing in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and has gravitated from the South and West Sides of Chicago all over the United States and Europe.

He made his recording debut as "Friendly Chap" on the Delmark Junior Wells album, *Hoodoo Man Blues*, and established himself further on the Vanguard Chicago/The Blues/Today series with his previously unheard-of pinpoint sliding techniques on "Messing with the Kid" and Wells' "Vietcong Blues." Everybody sat down and listened to Buddy Guy, the kid who had formerly been cast off by some of the more prominent Chicago bluesmen as being merely a "fancy showman" and a "guitar mechanic." They had to listen now.

With A Man and the Blues Buddy's really proved himself. His vocal on "One Room Country Shack" is a truly moving experience. The old Mercy Dee Walton song bleeds from Buddy's throat—you know he's been there—he wants you to realize the horrors he's seen, the deprivation he's survived—you needn't be sixty years old to have suffered. The message is clear.

Buddy's driving composition "Mary Had a Little Lamb" shows the group at its most powerful—the intro even sounds a bit like Clapton on "White Room" or "Tales of Brave Ulysses." It's really pop music—city blues has always been pop music.

Their version of Berry Gordy's "Money" is an eloquent example of the Detroit/Soul: Chicago/Blues differentiation. The lead-in is tight and direct, it's "Money" but Guy's vocal doesn't resemble Barrett Strong's in the least—it's a totally new version—and the first time I've ever heard it as a straight blues.

Buddy pays homage to B. B. King with "Sweet Little Angel"—but King

is also being honored by Buddy's having done the number. He does it much the same as B. B.; the cut is very similar to the one on King's *Live at the Regal* album. It's a great song no matter who does it. The lyrics are genuinely beautiful: "I've got a sweet little angel/I love the way she spreads her wings."

"Jam on a Monday Morning" is just that—the band stumbled into Chicago's Universal Studios still hung-over from the weekend and taped their warm-up jam—and it's just as fine as the other tracks. Maybe they were hung-over at all the sessions.

Young Buddy Guy is a master musician and a brilliant entertainer. Unlike James Cotton, he didn't wait 12 years to get out on his own. His break from Junior Wells' band was a necessary and fortunate one. It gave him the freedom he needed to show what a great all-around talent he is. As Son House insists, a man and the blues are inseparable. Buddy Guy is that man.

—BARRY GIFFORD



Revolution, movie soundtrack with Quicksilver Messenger Service, Steve Miller Band and Mother Earth (United Artists UAS 5185)

This very uneven and essentially non-existent record is the soundtrack to a quasi-quickie movie about hippies and other flora and fauna of a year ago. The film was done primarily in San Francisco—and according

to the groups who were in it—to some extent a fabrication.

Anyway, the sound track: here are the cuts recorded for various scenes in the film, including a fraudulent "Fillmore" scene shot at the New Committee Theatre. Some of the tracks are quite nice; the rest are mediocre. The good tracks are worth it. By group, they include:

The title song "Revolution" and two others by Mother Earth, two of them featuring vocalist Tracy Nelson. "Revolution" is a jazzy, up-tempo about the "new world a-comin'!" Tracy obviously has a strong voice, but she doesn't have it here, and the lyrics are grade B. "Without Love," also featuring Tracy, is a ersatz gospel bit, with an unfortunate imitation Sweet Inspiration background dubbed in. The mix is awful. "Stranger in My Own Home Town," one of Percy Mayfield's many soulful tunes, is the best of the Mother Earth material. The riffing on harp, piano and drums is very good. The trouble with the three tracks by this group (now under contract to Mercury) is the truly abominable production work, credited to one Ben Shapiro, whose claim to fame is as a concert promoter, certainly not as a movie mogul and positively not as an A&R man.

Quicksilver Messenger Service's two tracks are the good old live staples of one of San Francisco's finest. This recording will probably be the only place you'll hear them: Buffy Sainte Marie's "Codine" and Eric Darling's "Babe, I'm Going to Leave You." The songs are really groovy and Quicksilver has always done them very well. The recording of them here is good, although the production is very thin.

The best stuff on the LP are the three tracks by the Steve Miller Band, again songs that are well-known from their live performances. The difference here is that the band itself produced the songs in the studio, and the producers of the movie didn't lay a finger on them. "Superbyrd" is the very pleasant and rolling one-time jam, which the band turned into a structured piece with

Discover Jerry Jeff Walker...before everyone else does!

"MR. BOJANGLES" JERRY JEFF WALKER

Written and Sung by



I knew a man Bojangles
And he'd dance for you
In worn out shoes

The silver hair and ragged shirt
And baggy pants
The old soft shoe

He'd jump so high
Jump so high
Then he'd lightly touch down

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance

I met him in a cell
In New Orleans I was
Down and out

He looked to me
To be the eyes of age
As he spoke right out

He talked of life
He talked of life
Then he laughed—slapped his leg a step

He said the name Bojangles
Then he danced a lick
'Cross the cell

He grabbed his pants, a better stance
Oh he jumped so high
He clicked his heels

He let go a laugh
Let go a laugh
Shook back his clothes all around

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance

He danced for those at minstrel shows
and county fairs
Throughout the South

Spoke with tears of 15 years
How his Dog n' him
Traveled about

His dog up and died
His dog up and died
After 20 years he still grieves

He said I dance now at every chance
In honky tonks
For drinks and tips

But most the time I spend behind
These county bars
'Cause I drinks a bit

He shook his head
And as he shook his head
I heard someone ask please

Mr. Bojangles, Mr. Bojangles
Mr. Bojangles, dance

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Atco
Records #6594



an electronic break toward the end. "Your Old Lady," the Isley Brothers' song, re-arranged by the Chamber Brothers and done in its best version here, is definitely a track which United Artists ought to release as a single. It swings, it's simple, the lyric is good and could be a fast-moving item. With a little tape splicing and editing out most of the cuds, "Your Old Lady" would be an immediate Top-40 success. "Mercury Blues" has that same quality, and it goes like crazy. —JANN WENNER



Fleetwood Mac, Fleetwood Mac (Epic BN26402)

The Blues has always been popular in England. Performers like Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Howlin' Wolf and even Freddie King and Bo Diddley were stars in England before making it big in their own country. When John Mayall formed the Bluesbreakers it was out of respect and admiration to those performers; and he's stayed with the blues, cultivating a number of fine young blues musicians including guitarists Eric Clapton and Peter Green. After Clapton left Mayall, moving on to form Cream, Peter Green replaced him. Now Green has formed his own group, Fleetwood Mac (along with another former Bluesbreaker, bassist John McVie).

Whereas Clapton expanded onto new horizons with Cream, Green has chosen to remain dedicated to the blues, and on this, their first recorded effort, Fleetwood Mac have established themselves as another

tight English blues band—joining Mayall's Bluesbreakers, Ten Years After and Savoy Brown as chief practitioners of blues in England.

Green, like Mayall, has studied the records and performances of Howlin' Wolf, Memphis Slim, Junior Wells and Elmore James carefully. The piano riffs on "Hellbound on My Trail" are lifted directly from Slim's classic "If You See Kay," but it's done well, if perhaps a little too self-consciously. Fleetwood Mac (the name is a combination of the names of members of the group), know what they're doing, they dig the music they're playing and that's great—but the drawback here is that they don't put enough of themselves into it instead of what they've heard from the original artists.

Green is a more than competent guitar player, and the Mac's treatment of "Shake Your Moneymaker" is just as powerful as the first Butterfield version (on the Paul Butterfield Blues Band album). The harp work is proficient in most places but rather weak on "Got to Move," the old Sonny Boy Williamson song. Green's composition "Long Grey Mare" is one of the best cuts on the album, anchored by McVie's strong bass line. The record has a strange, prematurely vintage (if there can be such a thing) sound to it, like an old classic recording made in the late Forties or early Fifties.

Like most modern white bluesmen, Fleetwood Mac try very hard to live the kind of music they play—not picking cotton in the Delta, but maintaining the hard-life blues tradition, gigging at small clubs in Northern England and in scruffy halls in the East End. Their music retains an unaffected rough quality. They play well, and if it sounds a little scratchy at times it's because that's the way they happen to feel at that particular moment. The licks they've copied from other performers are natural enough—it's more of a tribute than an imitation.

The English continue to prove how well into the blues they really are, and know how to lay it down and shove it back across the Atlantic.

Fleetwood Mac are representative of how far the blues has penetrated—far enough for a group of London East-Enders to have cut a record potent enough to make the South Side of Chicago take notice.

—BARRY GIFFORD



Music From Big Pink, The Band (Capitol SKATO 2955)

Every year since 1963 we have all singled out one album to sum up what happened that year. It was usually the Beatles with their double barrels of rubber souls, revolvers and peppers. Dylan has sometimes contended with his frontrunning electric albums. Six months are left in this proselytizing year of music; we can expect a new Beatles, Stones, Hendrix, perhaps even a mate for JW Harding; but I have chosen my album for 1968. Music from Big Pink is an event and should be treated as one.

Very quietly, for six years, a band has been brewing. They'd pop up once a while behind Ronnie Hawkins or on their own as the Hawks or affectionately called "the Crackers," but it was sort of hip to know who they were outside of Toronto. They left Toronto three years ago to tour with Dylan. But when the concerts were over, and the boos had turned to standing ovations, what was to become of these nameless faces?

They came home to Woodstock with Dylan and put down firm roots for two years. It was Dylan's "out of touch" year and they began to spawn this music, this hybrid that took its seeds in the strange pink house. Whereas the Dylan "sound" on recording was filled with Bloomfielding guitar, Kooper hunt and peck organ and tinkly country-gospelish piano, a fortunate blending of the right people in the right place etc., the Big Pink sound has matured throughout six years picking up favorites along the way and is only basically influenced by the former.

I hear the Beach Boys, the Coasters, Hank Williams, the Association, the Swan Silvertones as well as obviously Dylan and the Beatles. What a varied bunch of influences. I love all the music created by the above people and a montage of these forms (bigpink) boggles the mind. But it's

also something else. It's that good old, intangible, can't-put-your-finger-on-it "White Soul." Not so much a white cat imitating a spade, but something else that reaches you on a non-Negro level like church music or country music or Jewish music or Dylan. The singing is so honest and unaffected, I can't see how anyone could find it offensive (as in "white people can't pull this kind of thing off.")

This album was made along the lines of the motto: "Honesty is the best policy." The best part of pop music today is honesty. The "She's Leaving Home," the "Without Her," the "Dear Landlord's" etc. When you hear a dishonest record you feel you've been insulted or turned off in comparison. It's like the difference between "Dock of the Bay" and "This Guy's In Love With You." Both are excellent compositions and both were number one. But you believe Otis while you sort of question Herb Alpert. You can believe every line in this album and if you choose to, it can only elevate your listening pleasure immeasurably.

Robbie Robertson makes an auspicious debut here as a composer and lyricist represented by four tunes. Two are stone knockouts: "The Weight"—probably the most commercial item in the set with a most contagious chorus that addicts you into singing along... "take a load off Fanny, take a load for free, take a load off Fanny and... you put the load right on me..." "To Kingdom Come"—starts out smashing you in the face with weird synopses and cascading melody lines and then goes into that same groovy bring-it-on-home chorus that earmarks "Weight."

Individually what makes up this album is Robby Robertson whose past discography includes "Obviously Five Believers" on *Blonde on Blonde*, the "live" version of "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" and the much ignored Dylan single, "Crawl Out Your Window." Rick Danko, on bass and vocals, is one of the more outgoing people in the band, he can be depend upon to give you a lot of good matured shit whenever you see him; he of the new breed in bass players, the facile freaks like Harvey Brooks, Jim Fielder and Tim Bogert. He is only different from these three in his tasteful understating.

Richard Manuel is affectionately called "Beak" or was at one time; a deft pianist with a strong feeling for country-gospel bigpink music. A strong contributing composer: "Tears of Rage," "In A Station," "We Can Talk," and "Lonesome Suzie."

Garth Hudson is one of the strangest people I ever met. If Harvey Brooks is the gentle grizzly bear of rock and roll then Garth is the gentle brown bear. He is the only person I know who can take a Hammond B3 organ apart and put it back together again or play like that if it's called for. While backing Dylan on tour he received wide acclaim for his fourth dimensional work on "Ballad Of A Thin Man."

Levon Helm is a solid rock for the band. He is an exciting drummer with many ideas to toss around. I worked with him in Dylan's first band and he kept us together like an enormous iron metronome. Levon was the leader of the Hawks.

John Simon, a brilliant producer-composer-musician, finally has this album as a testimonial to his talent. The reason the album sounds so good is Simon. He is a perfectionist and has had to suffer the critical rap in the past for what has not been his error, but now he's vindicated.

These are fiery ingredients and results can be expected to be explosive. The chord changes are refreshing, the stories are told in a subtle yet taut way; country tales of real people you can relate to (the daughter in "Tears of Rage") the singing sometimes loose as field-help but just right. The packaging, including Dylan's non-Rembrandt cover art, is apropos and honest (there's that word again). This album was recorded in approximately two weeks. There are people who will work their lives away in vain and not touch it.

—AL KOOPER

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Merle Haggard and Fresh Air

—Continued from Page 4
who is the new Mrs. Merle Haggard. Bonnie sings the high harmonies with Merle. If you've never heard country harmony, it's like the rough-hewn logs of a cabin. Somehow, the voices fit together. Somehow, sadly, they tell you they're going to endure. The history of pop is written in the account books at the box office. You can trace it down the river to New Orleans. You can find its extract in the blue grass of Kentucky. You can claim it to be the bastard son of Southern Negro field chants. But pop is an expression of the people, not the purists, and its lineage includes an incest that ranges from Harry Richman to Elvis Presley, from Gilbert and Sullivan to Frank

Sinatra, from Stephen Foster to George Gershwin, from Giacomo Puccini to Roy Rogers. Everyone likes to think his taste is improving, but pop is what the people buy.

Now comes Merle Haggard singing songs descended from his father with a voice that can sway an audience like a wheatfield in the wind. Even restricted to the Country and Western charts, he can sell close to 200,000 copies of a 45 r.p.m. Produced with a hint of Phil Spector in the control booth, *Sing Me Back Home*, the title song of his album, could be a Top-40 hit if the big city radio stations would only play it. The big cities could use the fresh air.

Eric Jacobsen Into His Thing

—Continued from Page 8
"I've always been more interested in publishing, but then you had to take your songs around and beg, so it was by necessity that I became a producer, too." Jacobsen began by signing Sebastian and Hardin as writers for his own Faithful Virtue publishing company, with Bob Cavallo a partner. As a fledgling publisher and a "midlevel producer," Jacobsen met up with Kama Sutra's Charles Koppelman and Don Rubin production team and went to work with the by-then-organ-

ized Spoonful group and Sebastian's prophetic debut composition, "Magic." Which brings it all up to the third floor of Columbus Tower, where Jacobsen, once again, is pulling things together. Slowly.

"Warners Brothers has got it right. They're not pushing. They understand that, after all, you can't put something in the grooves that just isn't there."

But Jacobsen isn't a lazy man, and he expects to have something before the year's over.

The Burning of Los Angeles

Brass trucks
dream-freight
heavy metals
on ironblue roads
lock-bound
for the burning of Los Angeles.

There is no smoke,
but in the sky spins
a constellation
of styrofoam engines
burning blonde syrups
emptying the air.
Steam and ice
rapt in stern rhythms
copulate.
Rootless in its barren bed
I see the burning of Los Angeles.

Flames serene as glass flags
on cubes
of blatant geometry.
The intricacies of still noon
have pretended plumes
of perfumery blaze.

Sweet rush—
I see the burning of Los Angeles
Parking lots
burnished with flame
vagrant on asphalt.

Flagrant women
fat with famine
mumble flames
idle as ashes
chewed in mouths like torn
pockets
Ravenous
in automotive
dry lust.

Fugue of the architecture of
silence,
All the orange groves have
broken rank
under fire
and loot the billboards
under assumed flames.
Yet all aquatic and petrified
dreams
are sleeping still
in the burning of Los Angeles.

World without end
smokeless in lucid
and sterile fire
I see the burning of Los Angeles.
—DAVID GANCHER



Dean Goodhill

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EXCEPTIONAL GUITARIST, drummer, seek bassist and singer for heavy, heavy blues/rock group: 388-7157, Mill Valley.

EXPERIENCED BASSIST needed for working, recording East Bay group. Must be good singer, 21, union mem-

ber. Call Fred, 537-3654, or Mark, 548-1732, Berkeley.

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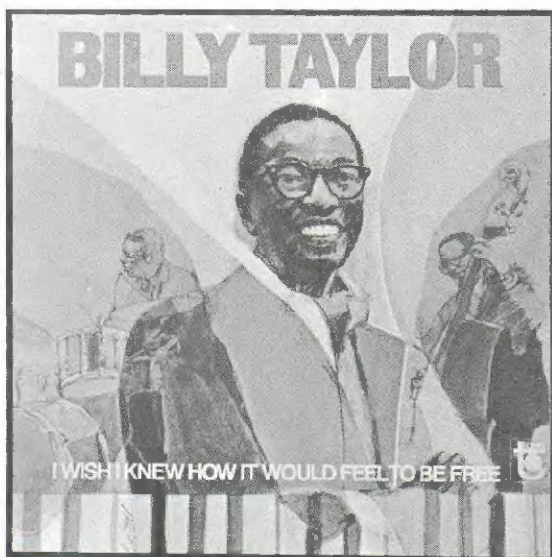
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Our Editor took it home and left it laying there for people to see. He told us that everyone who came over — and you can imagine what kind of people these were — thought that it was beautiful. In fact, everyone asked if it was possible to purchase one somewhere.

Well, so many people wanted one that we thought we out to have a bunch made and then let anybody who wanted one be able to get it.

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The Rolling Stone Book also includes the beautiful photo features that we've done on many artists; the long stories (such as the special report on the Los Angeles Scene) and articles that have done at least just a little to shake a few people up. There's Landau, Gleason, Wenner and Albright, not to mention Al Kooper and Meathall Fulton.

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